

Tism

"The Birth Of Uncool"

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If sounding like last summer
Is such a bummer,
Then how good's what you're in ta
Gonna be, come winter?

If sounding like last year
Is something you should fear,
Then this year won't be fine
Given twelve months' time.

Why is it that you rave
About what is today's,
When you'll react with sorrow
Same time tomorrow?

Why not enjoy the sound
Of summer all year 'round?
There is a place to go
The Groove Police don't know

"Uncool"

If something's bad, it's bad -
That's a quality it had
On the day that it was born,
No matter what the norm.

Ask if it's fake or true,
Not, "Is it old or new?";
You learn what things are fine -
All it takes is time.

"Uncool"

Let me take you to "Uncool"
Where Ben Lee still dates some chick from high school
Where it's not post-modern to like Kiss
Your desert island discs are full of greatest hits
Where perception isn't reality
Where you get your text message from a library
Where the Emperor's New Clothes have got nobody

fooled
Let me take you to "Uncool"
Let me take you to "Uncool"
Where old skool is still the golden rule
Where appearances never flatter
Where the rhyming that matters is more than street
patter
Where the stars of RnB are still old and ugly
Where nobody spells New with a "U"
Let me take you to "Uncool"

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